

Some Bright Day

and

Other Poems



E. H. Poulson

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1902









C. H. POULSON.

SOME BRIGHT DAY AND OTHER POEMS.

✓ BY
C. H. POULSON.
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BY THE AUTHOR
OF THE
POEMS
AND
OTHER
POEMS
BY
C. H. POULSON
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Preface.

In presenting these poems to the public it is with an earnest prayer that they might prove a ministry of comfort to aching hearts; that some poor, storm-tossed soul might, through these verses, catch a gleam of hope from heaven. Should one heart be comforted, or one soul uplifted, by these verses, I should consider myself abundantly awarded.

With the prayer that they do much good, I consecrate them and proceeds to the Master's cause.

THE AUTHOR.



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Some Bright Day.

Some bright day we shall see more clear,
Why Jesus took our loved ones dear,
Piercing our hearts as with a spear,
Leaving our homes so dark and drear.

Some bright day we shall see and know,
Why sorrow's tears so often flow,
And why our hearts are bowed so low
With grief and strivings with the foe.

Some bright day beyond the river,
There our loved ones we 'll recover,
Then our hearts with joy will quiver,
And we 'll dwell with them forever.

Some bright day on that golden strand,
With our Redeemer we shall stand,
And join the happy angel band,
That inhabits the morning-land.

Some bright day in fellowship sweet,
We 'll gather at the Savior's feet,
And then our joy will be complete,
When face to face our friends we 'll meet.

Longing for Heaven.

I would that I like a dove could fly,
For then would I soar beyond the sky,
Where the many promised mansions be,
There to dwell through all eternity.

I would with the angels sweetly sing,
And tune my poor harp with theirs to ring;
Ah, some blessed day 't will not be long,
I shall mingle with the ransomed throng.

I love in my dreams to gently rise,
Within yonder vale above the skies,
And view the glorious riches there,
Where each inhabitant a crown doth wear.

O, for downy wings to fly away,
And be with Christ in the land of day!
Thoughts of this fill now my mind and breast,
And inspires me on to seek his rest.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MISS KATHERINE DEVINE.

Life, Death, and Eternity.

O life, how short the fleeting years !

We share thy sweetest pleasures here,
As mingled with the sighs and tears,
Of sadness and remorse and fear.

O death, how sure thy morning dawns,

That calls us to the judgment seat !

How wide, how deep the gulf that yawns,
'Twixt heaven's peace and hell's fierce heat !

Eternity, how long, how long,

Dost thou thy countless ages roll ?

What myst'ries strange to thee belong,
To be rolled back as like a scroll !

Haste then, O ye wandering one,

And early make thy peace with God !

That when life's course at last is run,

Thou canst escape from b'neath his rod.

Calvary.

O Calvary, on thy bloody slope,
Christ Jesus there was crucified ;
In agony but steadfast hope,
He bowed his sacred head and died.

O Calv'ry, on thy rugged brow,
Christ Jesus gave his life for me ;
I now before him humbly bow,
For from my bonds he made me free.

O Calv'ry, on thy cursed tree,
The Son of man for me didst die ;
But yet I love to think of thee,
For Jesus there didst draw me nigh.

Ah, Calvary, those scenes are past,
They now lie buried with the dead ;
The Crucified now reigns at last,
And love and glory crown his head.

Out of the Vale.

PROF. C. J. HALL, MEMORIAL

Out of this vale of darkness,
 Into the realm of day,
There Jesus in his kindness,
 Will wipe all tears away.

Out of this vale of sadness,
 Into the land of peace,
Where all is joy and gladness,
 And praise songs never cease.

Out of this vale of sorrow,
 Into the sphere above,
There in raiment white as snow,
 The crowned shall reign in love.

Out of this vale of toiling,
 Into the land of rest,
He now is sweetly resting,
 Upon his Savior's breast.

Blessed Home-Land.

Ah ! to think of the blessed Home-land,
Fills my heart with radiant joy,
Oft I seem to hear the angel band,
As they their golden harps employ.

There shall be no night in the Home-land,
Which I am nearing day by day,
For in that fair land of mansions grand,
'T is one long, bright, unfading day.

O ! I love to think of the Home-land,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease,
And death shall never invade the land,
To disturb its eternal peace.

In the Home-land there is blissful rest,
Undisturbed by earth's toil and care,
As there upon my Redeemer's breast,
His promised glory I will share.

In the Home-land beyond the river,
There is a mansion prepared for me,
At times I can almost discover,
My loved ones beckoning for me.

Ah, for the Home-land I am longing,
Where pain and turmoil are no more,
My weary heart grows faint with waiting,
To cross to that beautiful shore.

Out of this land of desolation,
O, let me, Savior, take my flight,
To that blest land of consolation,
Of which thou art the shining light.

The Storm of Life.

Though life's vast billows o'er you roll,
And dash about thy weary soul,
While the lightnings around you flash,
Amid the thunder's fearful clash,
Fear not, the Savior is ever near,
And he your cries will surely hear.

Each wave brings thee nearer the shore,
Where storms shall cease for evermore ;
Life's heaving sea will soon subdue,
Lo, the harbor is now in view !
The storm of life will soon be past,
And thou wilt reach the port at last.

Truth is the sublimest virtue of character,
and is to be admired for its very scarcity.

Thou My Rock.

Savior, thou my Rock and Refuge dear,
Soon may I repose upon thy breast,
For there the tempter I ne'er shall fear,
But sweetly in thee, shall trust and rest.

May I lean upon thy gentle breast,
And my sorrows, Lord, in thee confide,
Let my head upon thy bosom rest,
And then, ah then, I'll be satisfied!

Savior, may thy breast my pillow be,
When I reach that far-off shining shore,
Where friends and loved ones wait to greet
me,
As the silent boatman bears me o'er.

It has been said it is beautiful, and, indeed,
it is, to die for Christ, but is it not far more
beautiful to live for him?

Life's Silver Cord.

Some day life's silver cord will break,
Then earthly songs will ever cease,
But then in heaven I shall wake,
And share its sweetest joys and peace.

Some day, I can not tell how soon,
Life's silver cord will surely break,
But if at midnight or at noon,
I wait my homeward flight to take.

Some day when I shall hear the call,
"Child, come unto Me and be blest,"
The silver cord will snap and fall,
And I 'll go home to Him and rest.

O, that to-day life's cord would break,
Then to His bosom I would fly,
This house of clay I 'd then forsake,
And enter in His courts on high.

TO MY CHERISHED FRIEND, LAWRENCE A. BRUNNER.

I Love Thee, Night.

O night, still night, how I love thee,
And in thy circling gloom to be !
I love thy stars so bright and high,
Shining like jewels in the sky.

In thy darkness I love to roam,
Beneath thy great celestial dome ;
I would wander in thy shadows,
Where the murmuring brooklet flows.

Thy solitude, O night, I love,
While 'neath thy somber orb I move,
Enchanted now with thy stillness,
Now by a sense of loneliness.

Comfort in Christ.

Art thou burdened, child, with care?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
He the load will help you bear,
And your sorrows, too, will share.

Art thou with temptations tried?
In the Savior then confide,
He your every sin will hide,
And will keep you by his side.

Dost thou oft with sadness sigh?
Pray to Jesus upon high!
He will hear your pleading cry,
He alone can satisfy.

Always his commands obey,
And his wondrous cross survey;
Walking in the narrow way,
Till dawns the eternal day.

Trust in Him your truest friend,
And he your soul will defend ;
Though with foes you must contend,
He will keep you till the end.

A Schoolboy's Lament.

O, how I dread these lessons,
They seem so hard and long ;
No matter what the season,
There is no time for song.

Oft I wonder why it is,
That books become so dry !
Even though I love to learn,
And try, and try, and try.

Decoration-Day.

The day when with loving hands
We gently cover our heroes' graves with
flowers,
And with sad and mournful hearts,
We mingle our tears with our roses and
bowers.

But while our bright flowers we spread,
And shed with gratitude, memories' sad tears;
We review their daring deeds,
And with sadness we think of those long, dark
years.

We seem to see them once more,
As they stand 'mid whistling shot and burst-
ing shell,
Waiting the command to charge;
'T is given—up the heights they charge with a
yell.

Hand to hand they fiercely fight,
O, see them bravely falling on every side!
But, ah, victory is theirs,
And our flag o'er the battlements waves in
pride!

But this happened long ago,
War's dread alarm can not now disturb their
sleep;
For their battles now are o'er;
Sleep on, thou heroic dead, while still we weep!

Sunset.

The orb that made the day so bright,
Is slowly sinking in the west ;
Flooding the earth with rosy light,
While sinking to its ev'ning rest.

Its tinted streams of golden light,
Are fading gently from our view ;
Giving place to dusky twilight,
Which veils the day as a tissue.

The fading tints have fled at last,
And now the stars begin to peep,
A warning that the day is past,
While birds and beasts to shelter creep.

Stray Thoughts.

A good book is a treasure of greater value in its way than gold.

Let us boast not in the number of our friends,
but rather in the quality of them.

Easter.

Lo, Easter morning breaks at last!
The long, dark night of grief is past;
As Christ from the tomb hath risen,
And the Father's promise given.

O blessed morn, we welcome thee!
As thou hast made the darkness flee;
For Christ hath conquered o'er the tomb,
And now we need not dread its gloom.

A Mother's Prayer.

O God, bless my wandering boy !
He, my love and pride and joy,
O lead him in the narrow way,
And may he never go astray !

His life's journey is now begun,
O help him bad companions shun !
Grant that his life may useful be,
And consecrated, Lord, to thee.

Lord, keep him safe from every harm,
Shield him with thy protecting arm,
May he trust thee, his mother's God,
And follow where the saints have trod.

In these his morning hours of youth,
Help him to know and speak the truth,
Father, help him to do the right !
And ever walk as in thy sight.

The Dying Christian.

I'm nearing now the shining shore,
This transient life will soon be o'er;
The death-dew gathers on my brow,
Before the throne I soon shall bow.

I do not ask to linger long,
I'd rather join the heav'nly throng,
And sing my great Redeemer's praise,
Through eternity's fadeless days.

I see a strange and brilliant light,
Beautiful visions greet my sight;
Hark! I hear the angels singing,
And my faith is homeward winging.

Is this death the final parting?
Then I would always be dying,
Farewell, but do not weep for me,
Meet me beside the crystal sea.

Only a Few.

Only a few more years,
 To walk the narrow way.
Only a few more sneers,
 Then heaven's happy day.

Only a few more prayers,
 Then life's great book will close,
Only a few more cares,
 Then a calm, sweet repose.

Only a few more tears,
 Then smiles and peace above.
Only a few more fears,
 Then heaven's rest and love.

Only a few more trials,
 Then blissful rest above.
Only a few more smiles,
 Then everlasting love.

What would Jesus do?

How oft I become discouraged,
As I my daily tasks pursue,
And in my hours of loneliness,
I wonder, "What would Jesus do?"

When my heart is bowed with sorrow,
And my tears like dew-drops issue,
I would look away to heaven,
And murmur, "What would Jesus do?"

If companions should forsake me,
And if my friends should prove untrue,
I 'd lift my voice in prayer above,
And whisper, "What would Jesus do?"

If in life I meet with problems,
Whose depths or heights I can not view,
I 'll humbly seek my Father's throne,
And ask him, "What would Jesus do?"

Sunrise.

Across the distant eastern skies,
The first faint rays of day appear,
While along the horizon lies,
The sunrise gleamings bright and clear.

The twinkling stars now disappear,
Before the advancing sunlight,
The dew-drop trembles now with fear,
That it, too, must go with the night.

The misty shadows all have flown,
Permitting now the sun to shine
Upon the fields that now are sown,
Awaiting nature's touch divine.

Our Starry Flag.

Wave on, thou starry flag of the free!
We thy sons still love and honor thee,
Wave, proudly wave, from the masthead high,
While the breezes, thy glory sigh.

O flag, which our fathers fought to save!
May thy lovely folds forever wave,
O'er this glorious land of the free,
Till all nations fear and honor thee!

Valiantly have thy defenders died,
And while dying, whispered—satisfied,
“Are we to fill heroes' honored graves,
Since our country's starry flag still waves?”

O, brave are the hearts that beat for thee!
Thou beautiful flag of liberty!
May thy majestic folds now unfurled
Stand for sweet freedom throughout the world!

Beneath thy protecting folds, so bright,
May I ever dwell in freedom's light!
Thy story is dear, thy praises loud,
In life my idol, in death my shroud.

The Death of a Child.

The dear little jewel,
That shone so clear and bright,
Hath lost its luster here,
But shines in heaven's light.

The sweet little darling,
Brightest star of the home,
Has gone to be with Christ,
And with angels to roam.

Its face at the window,
Will welcome thee no more,
But O, the welcome there,
On yonder golden shore.

At the heav'nly portals,
It waits, parents, for you ;
So be not discouraged,
Only to God be true.

Alone.

Alone I often love to be,
To meditate and plan and pray,
A little part of every day,
Lord, I would gladly give to thee.

May this short while I spend with thee,
Be, Lord, to me a precious hour !
From which I may derive new power,
A shining light for thee to be.

So while the days are going by,
Grant me, my Lord, this quiet hour,
That I may like the little flow'r,
Grow in grace and to thee draw nigh !

L. of C.

Stray Thoughts.

There is no thought so sweet to the human mind as that of home, around which our highest hopes and aspirations cluster. It is the one place of earth where we can expect to find true love, peace, happiness and full confidence.

Let those whom you call your friends, prove themselves such before you trust them with your purse.

A face with a habitual smile upon it is one of the sweetest testimonies of a loving, godly life ; a gift of matchless worth.

Night.

O night, beautiful night,
How enchanting thou art!
While restless stars oft dart
Across thy skies so bright.

O night, thy solitude
Is often strangely sweet,
As when with weary feet,
We tread thy magnitude!

O dark and silent night!
When shadows round us creep,
As if to guard and keep
Us till the morning light.

Truth is a virtue which beautifies and illumines character.

Life's Vale.

O let me from this vale of tears,
 Into thy bosom, Savior, fly!
For the sorrow of long, long years,
 Oft makes my heart with sadness sigh.

Long have I walked this deep, dark vale,
 Seeking rest which earth can not give;
And though I strive and sometimes fail,
 I know I soon with Christ shall live.

Long have I waited, waiting still,
 To hear thy summons from on high;
Bidding my heart and voice be still,
 And take my flight through vaulted sky.

The morning at last is breaking,
 Heavenly beauties greet my view;
Lo, eternity is dawning,—
 No more weeping, all, all is new.

Waiting by the River.

I am waiting by the river,
Soon I'll cross its silent tide,
Then beyond earth's toil and fever,
I shall in my Savior hide.

I am waiting by the river,
Waiting, watching all the day;
Soon my soul Christ will deliver,
'T is for this I often pray.

I am waiting by the river.
Wond'ring why the long delay,
O! that Christ life's cord would sever;
Then I'd view the land of day.

I am waiting by the river,
While the days are speeding by;
Soon with Christ I'll dwell forever,
In his heav'nly home on high.

Consolation.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

E. J. F.

Just beyond the river's tranquil tide,
Where God's chosen people safe abide,
Thy dear loving mother waiteth thee,
Beside the beautiful crystal sea.

Though thine eyes are dimmed with sor-
row's tears
Thou wilt understand in future years,
Why God hath taken thy mother home,
Beyond the reach of life's dashing foam.

Some time within the shining portals,
Where no crushing sorrow e'er befalls,
Thou wilt greet her with a joyful smile,
Then Jesus thy heart will reconcile.

So till dawns that happy, golden day,
And the ling'ring shadows flee away,
Sweetly sing, it is well with her soul,
Till Christ gathers thee into his fold.

Autumn Leaves.

'T is changeful autumn, and the leaves,—
Which long have given welcome shade,
Now fast begin to change and fade,
While the chilling wind sadly grieves.

Bedecked in autumn garb so gay,
The once green leaves now fade to die,
Their task well done, they need not sigh
As they drift down to soon decay.

Quickly have they faded, now they fall,
Drifting silently to the ground,
Where a crowded resting-place they've found,
Far b'neath their throne so strange and tall.

A Beautiful Friendship.

May the golden link of love,
That joins our hearts in friendship here,
Strongly hold till we meet above,
In heaven's fragrant atmosphere!

May the silver cords of love,
That bind our hearts together now,
Firmly hold and ever prove,
Warm and changeless even as now!

May the silken threads of love,
Which now entwines our youthful hearts,
Teach us each to swiftly move,
Ere death, across our pathway darts!

May these loving friendship ties,
Forever prove a precious boon,
While hope in our pathway lies,
Or should sorrow come to us soon!

May the anchor of our hope,
Our mutual plans and joys hold fast,
Till the pearly gates wide ope,
And we shall separate at last!

But when breaks that fadeless morn,
We 'll catch the severed threads again;
Then, clothed in a spirit form,
We shall join in the sweet refrain.

Kentucky.

I love and bless thee, O Kentucky,
Famous State of my nativity;
And wherever round this world I roam,
I shalt ever love thee as my home.

Thy charming scenery, O Kentucky,
Is grand and marv'lous in its beauty,
I love thy forests and rugged rocks,
Thy waving fields and wandering flocks,
Yea, upon thy streams I love to gaze,
And for all thy charms give grateful praise.

I love thy gurgling, sparkling fountains,
Thy lofty and majestic mountains,
Where the eagles in their speedy flights,
Find sweet refuge in thy hidden heights.

I love thy history, dear Kentucky,
Full of flaming deeds that interest me,
Fearless were the men who made thy name,
Crowning it with an immortal fame;
And where'er thy sons to-day are found,
They adore thy dark and bloody ground.

Into the Silence.

Into the silence I love to go,
Of my shattered hopes to think,
For there my fleeting thoughts more freely flow,
There my shattered hopes again I link.

Into the silence I love to go,
There to tell my joys to God alone,
To forget while there my every woe,
While I linger in its peaceful zone.

Satisfied.

Satisfied I know I would be,
If I could for a moment see,
My loving Savior's smiling face,
And understand his wondrous grace.

I would be satisfied, my Lord,
To wield thy mighty two-edged sword,
And to spread abroad the story,
Of my Savior's love and glory.

I shall be ever satisfied,
In thee, my Savior, to abide,
To know the greatness of thy love,
And to dwell eternally above.

When I shall heaven's glories see,
And rest beside the crystal sea,
Having my every need supplied ;
I shall be fully satisfied.

Stray Thoughts.

I would rather have one friend in whom I could place complete confidence, and upon whom I could bestow my affections and substances, and know that I could depend upon that friend in trial, than anything else on earth: but, alas! alas!

Love is the characteristic feature of Christianity.

Honesty and truthfulness go hand in hand.

Selfishness is the meanest trait a human can possess.

The love of a woman is like the fragrance of the flowers; her hate like the poison of a serpent.







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